



No.75 A HIT! MANHUNTER



JUNE

Adventure COMICS

10¢



the **SANDMAN**
and **SANDY**
battle a modern THOR
in the adventure of the
"VILLAIN from VALHALLA"



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UNDER

**Safari
B-B-G
the sa
less
1000
MILITARY MODE**

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GUN BATTLE
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MADE BY ROYAL CARTRIDGE CO. U.S.A.
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Single! Buy yours now. At your Dealer's or send us
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postpaid! (Duties added in Canada.)

With 16-INCH
LEATHER SADDLE THONGS
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STARMAN

THE STRANGE
CASE OF THE
LUCKLESS
LIARS!

THE LIARS' CLUB--WHERE RESPECTABLE
CITIZENS MAY TELL WHOPPERS TO THEIR
HEARTS CONTENT WITHOUT FEAR OF
CENSURE! YET OUT OF FANTASTIC FIBS
SPUN IN A SPIRIT OF HARMLESS FUN, A
CUNNING BRAIN WEAVES A WEB OF EVIL
THAT SAVES MEN'S LIVES AND FORTUNES
--AND ALMOST Baffles THE MIGHTY
MAN OF NIGHT-- **STARMAN!**

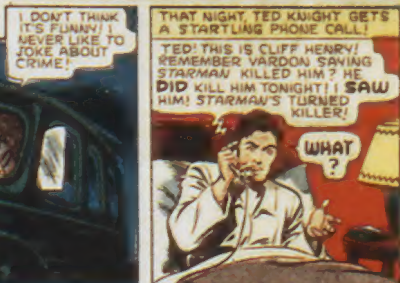
TELLERS OF TALL TALES STRETCH THEIR IMAGINATIONS AS THE
EXCLUSIVE LIARS' CLUB MEETS TO INDUCT A NEW MEMBER!

PRESENTING TED KNIGHT,
OUR NEWEST CANDIDATE
FOR MEMBERSHIP WHO
MUST TELL AN
UNBELIEVABLE
STORY IN ORDER
TO JOIN!

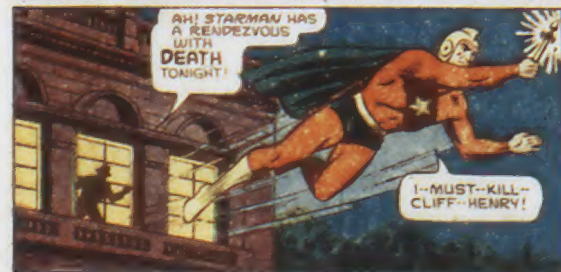
LEAVE IT
TO ME!
I'LL TELL
ONE YOU'LL
NEVER
BELIEVE!

MAKE
IT
GOOD!

LOTS OF TIMES WHEN I GET
BORED AND HAVE NOTHING
TO DO, I PUT ON AN UNUSUAL
COSTUME AND GO ABOUT
HELPING PEOPLE--I, MY
FRIENDS, AM **STARMAN!**







SHORTLY
AFTER
HIS
PLANE
TAKES
OFF,
COLD
HANDS
OF
HORROR
CLUTCH
CLIFF
HENRY,
AS HE
SIGHTS
THE
PURSUING
ASTRAL
MAN!

EEEAGH!
HE'S AFTER
ME!

HELP!
HE'S
TRYING
TO KILL
ME! MY
LIE IS
COMING
TRUE!

I MUST KILL
YOU, CLIFF HENRY!
THE WHIRLING
THINGS HAVE
TOLD ME TO!

WHIRLING
THINGS!
WHY,
THEY'RE
HERE!

STILL UNDER THE
HYPNOTIC SPELL,
STARMAN STARES
WITH UNSEEING
EYES AT THE MADLY
REVOLVING PLANE
PROPELLER—
SUDDENLY HIS
EXPRESSION
CHANGES!

THE WHIRLING OF
THE PROPELLER
COUNTERACTS
THE SPELL OF
THE SPINNING
GLOBES--AND
SNAPS HIM OUT
OF HIS TRANCE.

W-WHERE AM I?
WHY THAT'S AN
AIRPLANE
PROPELLER!
AND THERE'S
CLIFF HENRY!

...AREN'T
YOU GOING
TO--K-KILL
ME?

I CAN'T REMEMBER
WHAT'S HAPPENED,
EXCEPT THOSE SPINNING
GLOBES! THEY
MUST HAVE
HYPNOTIZED
ME!

CRAZY
AS A
LOON!

STARMAN RETURNS TO
THE ROOM WHERE HE
HAD SEEN THE GLOBES--

CAN I BE DREAMING?
THERE'S NOTHING
HERE! THOSE GLOBES
ARE GONE!

A THOROUGHLY SHAKEN CLIFF HENRY REPORTS HIS CLOSE CALL TO THE POLICE-

...THEN HE FLIES OFF AND GOES BACK TO THE VARDON HOUSE! HE'S DANGEROUS! YOU'VE GOT TO BRING HIM IN!

HMM- NEVER KNEW STARMAN TO ACT LIKE THAT!

BACK IN HIS IDENTITY AS TED KNIGHT, STARMAN READS THAT HE IS WANTED FOR MURDER!

I'M STARTING TO WORRY! MAYBE I HAVE A DUAL PERSONALITY, LIKE JEKYLL AND HYDE!

EVENING NEWS
STARMAN
KILLER OF MILLIONAIRE
VARDON!
EXTRA

WHILE AT THE LIARS CLUB

EVERTS, DO YOU REALIZE THAT TWO LIES WE TOLD LAST NIGHT HAPPENED! VARDON SAID STARMAN WOULD KILL HIM AND I SAID STARMAN WOULD TRY AND KILL ME! BOTH LIES CAME TRUE!



THE PANIC STRICKEN EVERTS LEAVES HURRIEDLY-

I'M TAKING NO CHANCES! I'M GOING HOME - AND I'LL LOCK THE DOOR!

IT'S GETTING ALL OF US, CARVER! I'VE GOT THE HEEBIE JEEBIES MYSELF!

THIS IS WEIRD!

AT HIS HOME EVERTS STARTS TO EMPTY HIS GUN BY FIRING THE BULLETS INTO THE FIRE PLACE -

I WON'T SHOOT MYSELF - I WON'T!



STARTLED, EVERTS DROPS HIS GUN, FORGETTING THERE IS ONE BULLET IN IT



THE
ASBESTOS-
CLAD
FIGURE
OF THE
VEIL
APPEARS
SILENTLY
IN THE
SMOKE-
FILLED
DOORWAY,
AS THE
PANICKY
EVERTS
GROPPES
HIS WAY
TOWARDS
A WINDOW.



I POURED KEROSENE OVER THE FLOOR OF THE CELLAR TO MAKE CERTAIN OF THIS FIRE! NOW TO MAKE CERTAIN OF EVERTS! I'LL THINK THE SOUND OF MY GUN IS AN ECHO OF HIS OWN PISTOL!

THIS MUST
BE A NIGHT-
MARE!

THE VEIL KNOCKS THE
FLAMING LAMP DOWN
UPON EVERTS' GUN.
A GUN THAT STILL
HAS ONE BULLET!



FLAMES CRACKLE
AROUND THE REVOLVER
AND THE HEAT CAUSES
THE GUN TO GO OFF!

AAAGH! KILLED-- BY MY OWN
GUN! THE HEAT FIRED IT! MY
LIE CAME TRUE!



THE FOOL! HE DIED
THINKING HIS OWN GUN
KILLED HIM! I SHOT HIM
MYSELF! THE BULLET FROM
HIS GUN HIT THE WALL--
AND WILL
NEVER BE
FOUND!



FAR ABOVE THE BURNING HOUSE, THE
MAN OF NIGHT DISCOVERS THE BLAZE!

EVERTS'
HOUSE IS
ON FIRE!
ANOTHER
LIE WAS
HAPPENED!



LIE--CAME
--TRUE--
SHOT BY
MY OWN GUN!

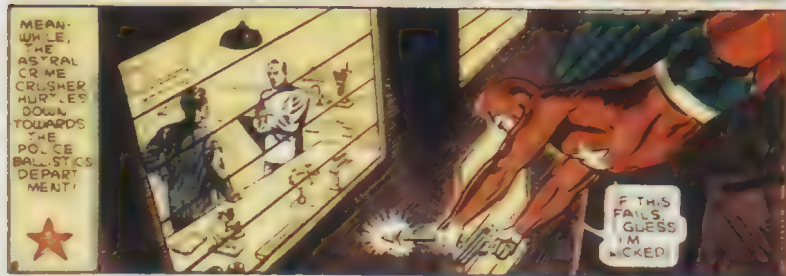
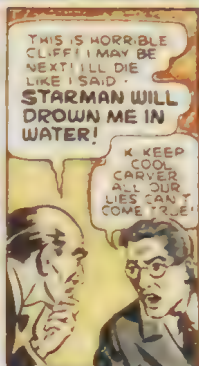
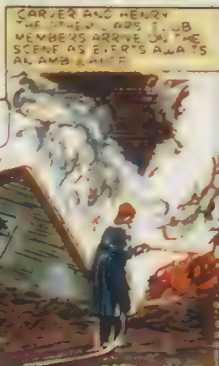
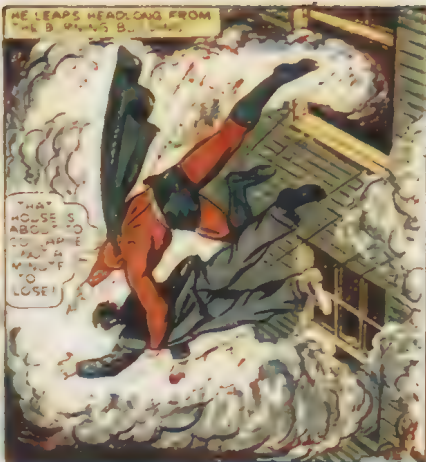


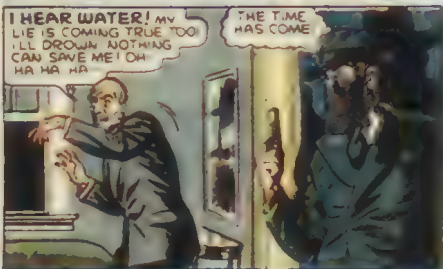
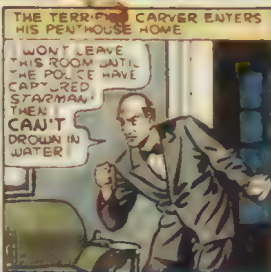
WHAT!
THIS IS
INCREDIBLE!

THE WOUNDED EVERTS
BABBLES IN
DELIRIUM!
SAW--THAT
IS A CLUE!



MAY--BE ONE OF US
FOUR!--VARDON
CARVER, HENRY--
ALL MEMBERS OF
BANK ONE OF US
STEALING MONEY
NO ONE KNOWS
WHICH ONE--







YOUR BATH'S DRAWN
MY CARVER! YOU MUST
LET THE WATER GET
COLD!

UGH-H!



NOW TO DROWN
CARVER IN HIS
OWN BATH TUB
WHAT'S THAT?
THE SOUND OF
FOOTSTEPS!
STARMAN!



I HEAR
WATER
RUMBLING
CARVER
SAID HE
WOULD
DROWN!



STARMAN WILL BE BLAMED
FOR THIS CRIME TOO! AHA! NO
ONE KNOWS THAT I AM IN
BACK OF ALL THIS!

WE'VE L.F.E.E.S.
THROUGH A
B.A.C.O.N.Y. DOOR!



I CAME JUST IN THE WICK
OF ME ANOTHER
MOMENT IN THAT
TUB WOULD HAVE
BEEN TOO LATE.



AT THAT MOMENT CLIFF HENRY BURSTS IN

STARMAN I'VE GOT YOU
NOW, YOU MURDERER!

STOP TALKING
NONSENSE! WOULD I
BE TRYING TO SAVE
CARVER'S LIFE IF I
WANTED TO KILL
HIM?

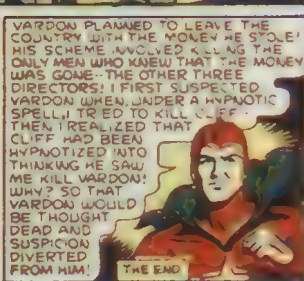
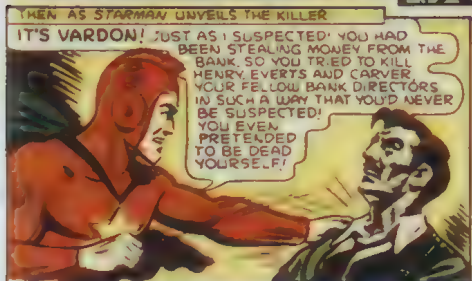
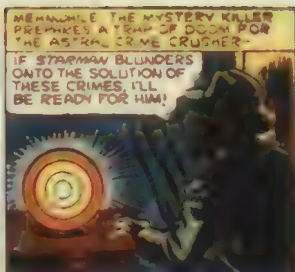
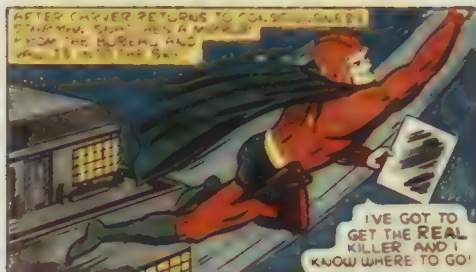


HE TOSSES THE WILD EYED
CLIFF BODY ONTO A SOFA

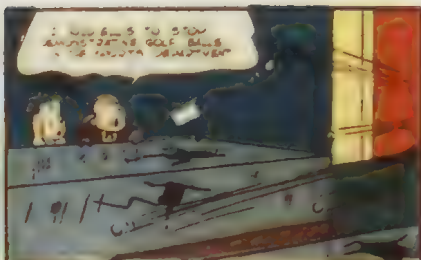
YOWP!



SORRY TO
BE ROUGH,
BUT YOU
REFUSE TO
LISTEN TO
REASON!



GAGS



MANHUNTER

SCIENCE GAVE MAN! WHEN
RESTLESS WAVES ARE STILL! AND
THE RUSTLE OF DEATH'S WINGS ARE
HEARD LOW OVERHEAD! MANHUNTER
TAKES UP THE TRAIL OF A VICIOUS
KILLER WHO HIDES BEHIND THE
MASK OF A GENTLE, SOFT-
SPOKEN LITTLE PROFESSOR...
**BEWARE
OF MR
MEEK!**

BY JOE SIMON AND
JACK KIRBY



PAUL KIRK
SOCIETY
SPORTSMAN
AND EXPERT
HUNTER,
IS GIVING A
LECTURE
ON
ANIMALS
AND THEIR
HABITS
AT AN
INFORMAL
MEETING
OF A
WELL-KNOWN
CLUB

THESE MANY YEARS
I'VE SPENT IN HUNTING
WILD GAME... I HAVE
COME TO LEARN
THIS...

... THAT NATURE HAS
CREATED ANIMALS WHOSE MILD
AND HARMLESS APPEARANCE ARE
ONLY A CAMOUFLAGE FOR THEIR
DANGEROUS AND
VIOLENT CUNNING
WHICH MAKES THEM
AN EVEN GREATER
MENACE THAN
THE LARGER
AND BRUTISH
TYPE OF
BEAST!

PAUL CONCLUDES HIS LECTURE
AND IS SWAMPED BY HIS ADMIRING
- STEVENERS...

FINE
SPEECH,
OL' MAN!

YOUR
LECTURE
WAS
SIMPLY
DIVINE!

THANK
YOU!

THE HUNTER APPROACHED BY
A SMALL, OLD-MANNERED SHY
MAN WHO OFFERS HIS
COMPLIMENTS

I HOPE I'M
NOT BEING TOO
BOLD IN EXPRESS-
ING MY HUMBLE
ENJOYMENT OF
YOUR FINE
TALK!

MAY I SAY THAT YOUR
KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMAL
NATURE IS AMAZINGLY
ACCURATE!

I DON'T
DO SO BADLY
ON JUDGING
HUMAN NATURE
EITHER MISTER
WEEKS!

OH DEAR,
OH DEAR!
I'M AFRAID
I MUST BE
GOING!

ONE OF
THE MILD
HARMLESS
ONES, EN?

TO THE
HIDEOUT,
JAMES!

Meanwhile... IN HIS CAR DOWN BELOW.

RIGHT
BOSS!

That night... PAUL KIRK ENJOYS SOME FRESH AIR DURING THE INTERMISSION OF A BROADWAY PLAY!

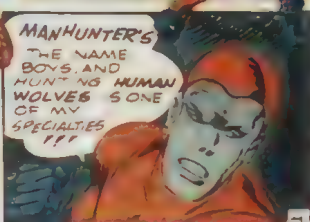


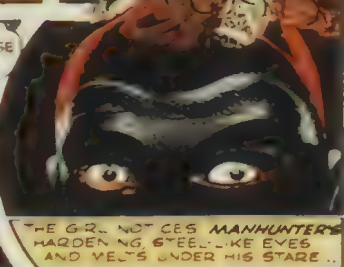
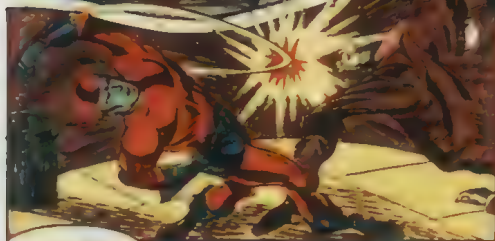
Before PAUL CAN COLLECT HIS WIFE THE GIRL ENTERS A CAB AND SPEEDS AWAY!

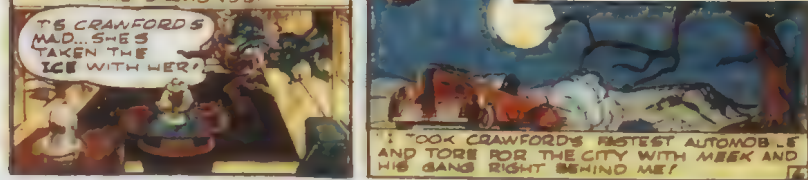
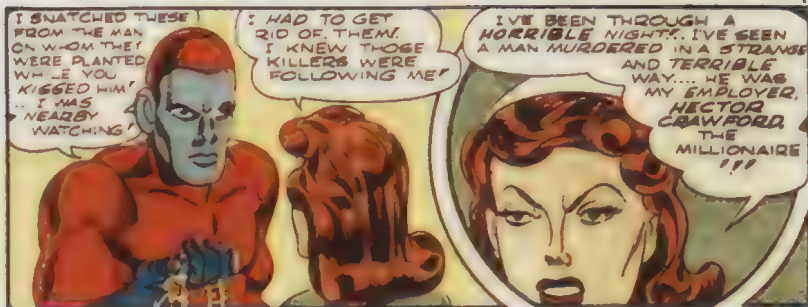


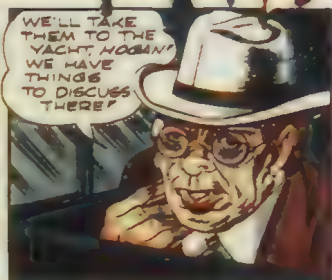
I THINK I'LL JOIN THAT CHASE... THERE MAY BE ACTION AHEAD!



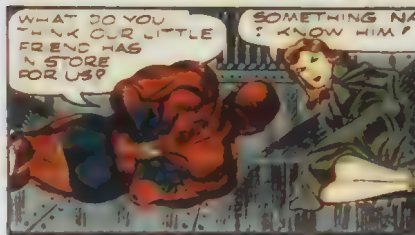
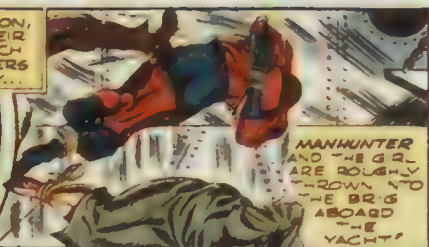








REACHING THE WATERFRONT SECTION, MEER AND HIS GANG TRANSFER THEIR CAPTIVES TO A SLEEK POWER LAUNCH WHICH SPEEDS ACROSS THE WATERS TO A YACHT ANCHORED IN THE BAY...



Manhunter's WEEK'S STATEROOM



DA'S A NEW
VERSION OF YER
RAY GUN.
EH?

YES O KE!
A MORE
POWERFUL
VERSION
!!

YES... POWERFUL
ENOUGH TO DO BIG
THINGS WITH... LIKE
DESTROYING
NAVAL
ARMADAS
!!



A CRY OF
TERROR
ECHOES
OUTSIDE
THE
SHIP'S
CABIN
AS
THE
GANGSTERS
BOAT
FOR
THE
DOOR
!



WHAT
WAS
THAT?
A-A-A-A-A



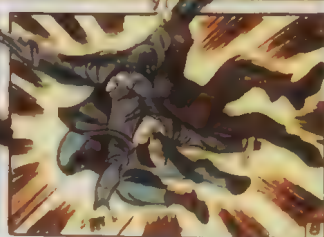
JUMPIN'
MACKEREL!
SOMEBOODY
GLUGGED
BARKER!



USH!



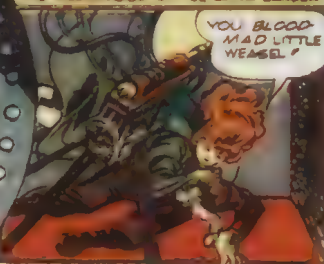
WELPA
MANHUNTER
IS LOOSE!



Mister
MEEK.
MEAN-
WHILE,
TRAINS
HIS
SOLIDIFY-
ING
RAY-GUN
ON
MANHUNTER'S
WEAVING
BATTING
FIGURE!

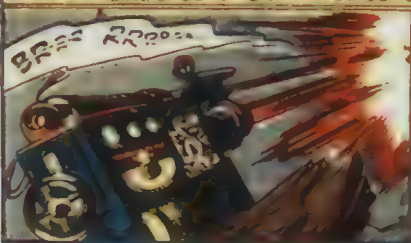


BUT INTO MEEK RUSHES A FEMALE
CYCLONE TO WREAK HER FURY ON
THE VILLANOUS LITTLE GANG LEADER!



YOU BLOOD-
MAD LITTLE
WEASEL!

THE FALLEN RAY-GUN, ALREADY DRONING
WITH POWER... SHOOT'S FORTH ITS DEADLY RAYS!



OW!
THE RAY
GUN HIT
MR MEEK!

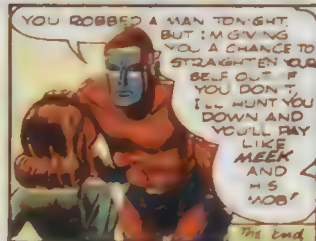
THE ATOMS IN MEEK'S BODY ARE SOLIDIFIED
LITERALLY TURNING HIM INTO STONE!



MANHUNTER APPEARS ON THE
SCENE TO WITNESS THE GRIEFOUS
ACCIDENT!



NO SOONER DO I
MOP UP HIS MOB
I FIND HIM FINISHED
OFF BY HIS OWN
DEADLY DEVICE!



YOU ROBBED A MAN TONIGHT,
BUT I'M GIVING
YOU A CHANCE TO
STRAIGHTEN YOUR
SELF OUT. IF
YOU DON'T,
I'LL HUNT YOU
DOWN AND
YOU'LL PAY
LIKE
MEEK
AND
HIS
MOB!

The End

SUPERMAN D.C. COMIC MAGAZINES:

JOSETTE FRANK

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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

FOREST PATROL

By Jim Kjelgaard.

John Belden knew the woods and the wild life of the Alleghany Mountain back country better than most men, though he was only nineteen. It was his one great hope that he could be a ranger. And when, suddenly, his chance came, he was ready for it.

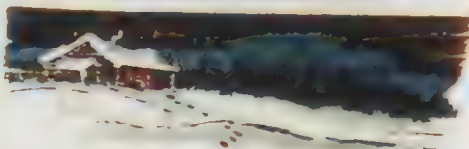
It was a big job, taking over as the substitute ranger of the Rascas—a job that took plenty of grit and the ability to see things through.

John had to fight for recognition among the older men who had wanted his job and who resented his coming. He had to fight, too, against blizzards and deep snows, against prowling forest wolves, against forest fire, and most of all, against unscrupulous law breakers bent on getting even with the ranger.

Before his year of service was over, he had proved that he could take it, could keep his head and hold his own even when it took a fist fight to do it.

Hunting and fishing and the steady work of forester make up the ranger's life, and John knew at the end of his year of trial that he was going to be a ranger for life.

This is a book for a boy who loves outdoor adventure. Ask your librarian for it.



SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

XX CHHGHV AWDNSV DUE BRXU AKDUE LQ
DPHUEU.

SAVE BAGS from Popsicle · CREAMSICLE · Fudgicle

LOOK KIDS!

*It's Easy to Get
These FREE
GIFTS!*

**100
BAG GROUP**
ONE YEAR
For Bad Choice



101 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 100 bags.



102 **Box of Popsicle Fudgicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Fudgicles. 100 bags.



103 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 100 bags.



104 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 100 bags.



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106 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 100 bags.



107 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 100 bags.

SPECIAL NOTE



**UNITED STATES
DEFENSE SAVINGS STAMPS**

For each stamp which you get for saving to America you will receive one stamp which will be collected from 1945. For each 10 stamps you will receive one stamp which will be collected from 1945. For each 10 stamps you will receive one stamp which will be collected from 1945.

**200
BAG GROUP**
ONE YEAR
For Bad Choice



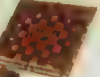
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205 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 200 bags.



206 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 200 bags.

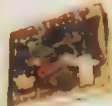


207 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 200 bags.

**350
BAG GROUP**
ONE YEAR
For Bad Choice



351 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 350 bags.



352 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 350 bags.



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357 **Box of Popsicle Creamsicle** - Each box contains 10 Popsicle Creamsicles. 350 bags.

**100
BAG
SPECIAL**

COLLECT POSTAGE STAMPS!

Start with the Valuable Collection!

There are many ways to collect postage stamps. One way is to buy them from a stamp dealer. Another way is to buy them from a stamp collector. A third way is to buy them from a stamp exchange. A fourth way is to buy them from a stamp club. A fifth way is to buy them from a stamp society. A sixth way is to buy them from a stamp association. A seventh way is to buy them from a stamp union. An eighth way is to buy them from a stamp guild. A ninth way is to buy them from a stamp league. A tenth way is to buy them from a stamp fraternity. A eleventh way is to buy them from a stamp brotherhood. A twelfth way is to buy them from a stamp lodge. A thirteenth way is to buy them from a stamp hall. A fourteenth way is to buy them from a stamp temple. A fifteenth way is to buy them from a stamp palace. A sixteenth way is to buy them from a stamp temple. A seventeenth way is to buy them from a stamp palace. A eighteenth way is to buy them from a stamp temple. A nineteenth way is to buy them from a stamp palace. A twentieth way is to buy them from a stamp temple.

**START SAVING BAGS To-Day
GET PREMIUMS ALL YEAR**

**READ
THIS**

EVERY TIME YOU BUY ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS FROZEN STICK CONFECTIONS ON A STICK, SAVE THE BAG! WHEN YOU HAVE THE REQUIRED NUMBER OF BAGS FOR PROGRAM, YOU CAN THEN SEND THEM TO NEAREST POPPSICLE PREMIUM STATION. ASK YOUR ICE CREAM DEALER FOR COMPLETE NEW Q&A LIST.

STEVE CONRAD

ADVENTURER

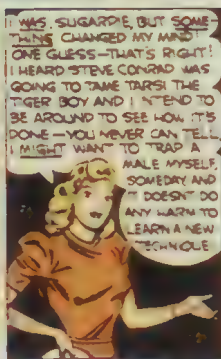
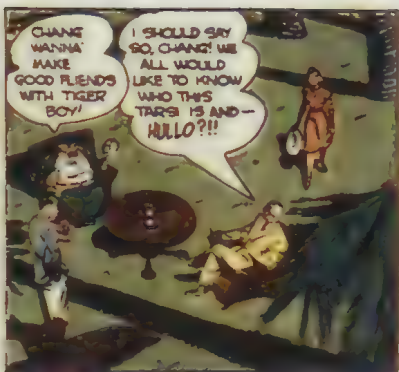
BY JACK LEHT

DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF NOVA TERRA THE TIGER BOY ROAMS AT WILL—A PUZZLE TO THE COUNTRYSIDE. BUT STEVE CONRAD IS BENT ON UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY OF THIS WAIF OF THE WILDERNESS. WITH CHANG TO HELP HIM, HE HAS HOWED TO LEARN WHO TARRI IS, HOW HE CAME TO LIVE IN THE JUNGLE AND WHAT HIS STRANGE POWER IS—A POWER SO STRONG THAT IT ENABLES HIM TO RIDE ASTIDE THE FERCE STRIPED KING OF THE NOVA JUNGLE—THE TERRIBLE TIGER!



I WANT TO THANK YOU
COLONEL DENTLEY FOR
ALLOWING ME TO
OVERSTAY MY VISIT.
WHILE TRYING TO FIND OUT
WHO THIS TIGER BOY
REALLY IS.

NONSENSE, STEVE. I'VE
HAD TO HAVE YOU AFTER ALL.
YOU PUT A STOP TO HIS
DILLAGING MY PLANTATION
WHEN YOU SUGGESTED
LEAVE A WEEKLY CACHE OF
SUPPLIES FOR HIM AS PAY-
MENT FOR KILLING THE
SNAKES AROUND HERE!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, STEVE AND CHANG SET OFF ON THEIR EXPEDITION



SO LONG COLONEL WE'RE OFF TO BAG THE TIGER BOY!

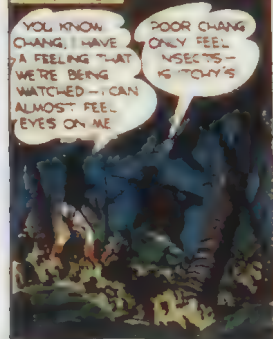
CHEERO STEVE! AND LOTS OF LUCK!

BUT NOT FAR BEHIND TRAILS A 'SLIM FIGURE'!



I'LL SHOW THAT BIG LUNKHEAD, STEVE CONRAD, JUST HOW MUCH HE CAN ORDER ME AROUND

HOURS LATER



YOU KNOW CHANG, I HAVE A FEELING THAT WE'RE BEING WATCHED—I CAN ALMOST FEEL EYES ON ME

POOR CHANG ONLY FEELS INSECTS—IS THAT'S

IF STEVE BUT KNEW HOW RIGHT HE WAS, FOR—



—JANE FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND AND—

—TRAILING JANE IS A FIERCE JUNGLE CAT—HUNGRY!

WHILE VIEWING ALL THIS FROM A HILLTOP ACROSS A SMALL RIVER IS TIGER, HIMSELF!

MEANWHILE!



CHANG I'M CERTAIN WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! YOU STAY HERE—WHILE I ORCLE AROUND BEHIND AND FIND OUT!

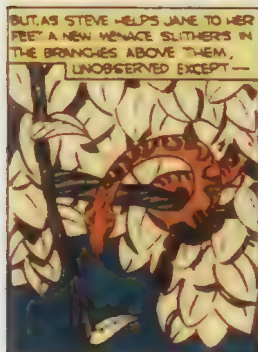
OKIE DOAKIES, MUST STEVE!

WORKING HIS WAY BACK, STEVE MAKES A DISCOVERY HE DIDN'T BANK ON

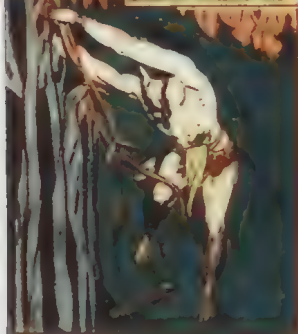


JUNIPER JEEPER'S 'S JANE BENTLEY—ALL SIX WHEELS

COME OUT OF THAT BUSH OR I'LL FIRE!



LEAPING FROM HIS TIGER'S BACK TARS! GRAB A HANGING VINE-



-AND SWIMMING SWIFTLY AND SAFELY ACROSS THE DANGEROUS STREAM!



AS THE LEOPARD LEAPS AT JANE, TARS! STRIKES FROM ABOVE!



SKILLED IN JUNGLE WARFARE HE GETS A DEATH GRIP ON THE BIG CAT

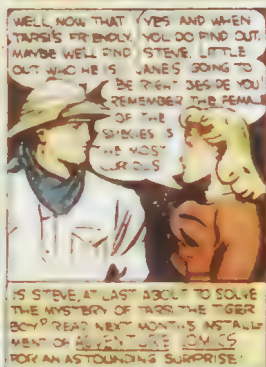
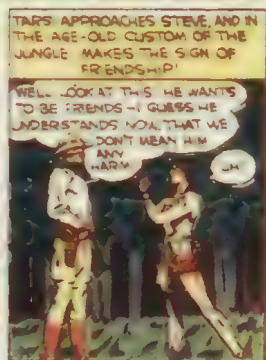


AND WITH HIS GLEAMING KNIFE DISPOSES OF HIM IN SHORT ORDER!



BUT MORE TROUBLE IS ON THE WAY!



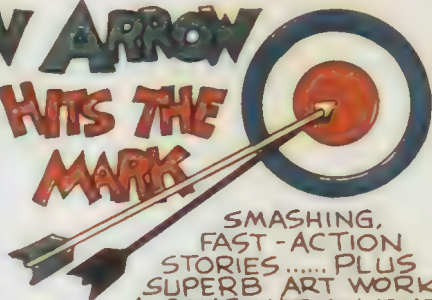




THE GREEN ARROW



HITS THE MARK



SMASHING,
FAST-ACTION
STORIES PLUS
SUPERB ART WORK!
...A COMBINATION THAT
MAKES **GREEN ARROW** ONE
OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
PERSONALITIES IN COMICS!

EVERY MONTH!

WHY NOT
GET ACQUAINTED
WITH HIM TODAY?

THE

Shining Knight

OUT OF THE PAST HE CAME...
SHEATHED FROM HEAD TO TOE
IN GOLDEN MAIL AND RIDING A
WHITE-WINGED STEED! HE'S THE
SHINING KNIGHT... AN AMAZING
CHAMPION FROM KING ARTHUR'S
COURT WHO CONQUERED THAT
RUTHLESS GIANT, TIME 'AND
TODAY HE BATTLES WITH SWORD
AND LANCE AGAINST THE MANY-
FANGED MONSTER OF CRIME!
OUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE
HAVOC PLANS OF THE UNDER-
WORLD'S VILEST VILLAIN GO
UNCURBED... WHEN AN ARCH
DESTRUCTION MASTER RULES
SUPREME IN A REIGN OF RUIN!
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE
SHINING KNIGHT CROSSES
SWORDS WITH...

"THE **Wrecker**"?

IN A SECRET STABLE A
WINGED STEED PUTS ON
THE FEED BAG...

AH, VICTORY. MANY WEEKS
HAVE PASSED SINCE WE SAW
ACTION! 'TIS TOO QUIET FOR
THE LIKING OF SUCH
WARRIORS AS YOU AND I, EH?



JUSTIN ENTERS PROFESSOR
MORSEBY CURATOR OF THE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,
BEARING "DINGS OF
D'ASTER..."

"JUSTIN... BAD NEWS!! THE
WESTBOUND LIMITED HAS
BEEN DERAILED... HUNDREDS
OF PASSENGERS ARE
CAUGHT IN THE WRECK!
I AM BROUGHT DOWN
YOUR ARMOR!"

"I WILL GET
ME GOING RIGHT
AWAY... THEY NEED
ME THERE!"



QUICKLY HE DONS GOLDEN
ARMOR...BUCKLES ON A SWORD...
FOR THIS YOUNG MAN, ASSISTANT
CURATOR AT THE METROPOLITAN,
IS NONE OTHER THAN...CAN
YOU GUESS??

"WELL,
VICTORY...
WE GO
ADVENTURING
AGAIN!"

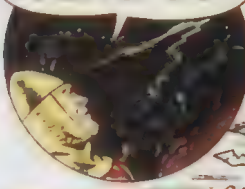


Right!! HE'S THE
SHINING KNIGHT!
AND RESCUE-BOUND...HE
GALLOPS BRISKLY OFF
INTO A SKY SCOWLING
BLACKLY WITH THE
THREAT OF COMING
THUNDER!

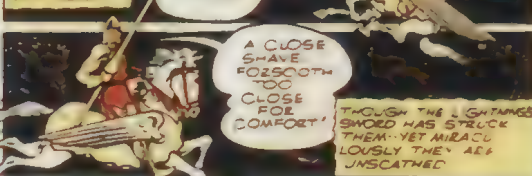


THEN...THE LIGHTNING...
THE THUNDER AND THE
RAIN...

BLACK AND DARK...NEED
VICTORY...S THE QUEST
WE RIDE UPON TONIGHT!



SUDDENLY
JAGGED
LIGHTNING
SEARING...
BRILLIANT
CLASHES AT THE BOLD
SKY RIDER



UGGH

"A CLOSE
SHAVE
FOZSOOTH
TOO
CLOSE
FOR
COMFORT!"

THOUGH THE LIGHTNING
SWORD HAS STRUCK
THEM...YET MIRACU-
LOUSLY THEY ARE
UNSCATHED

BUT JUSTIN SIGHTS THE
FLAMING SHAMBLES
AND SOMETHING ELSE



"BY MY
SWORD BUT
S A SORRY
SIGHT I'LL
DO WHAT I
CAN
ANY



"THOSE KNAVES ARE
RUNNING FROM THE WRECK...
METHINKS THIS NEEDS
LOOKING INTO





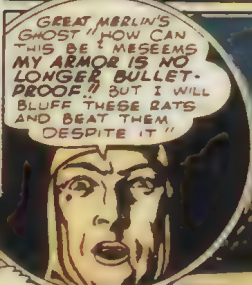
HAVE AT
THEE, BASE
ROGUES!"

IT'S THE
**SHINING
KNIGHT!!**

FILL
HIM
FULL
O' LEAD!"

**BUT WHAT IS THIS?...
INCREDIBLY, AMAZINGLY,
LEAD PIERCES ARMOR
LONG AGO MADE BULLET-
PROOF BY MERLIN'S
MAGIC!**

BIGHT WELL
WILL I BASTE
THEE...
UGH!



**"GREAT MERLIN'S
GHOST!! HOW CAN
THIS BE! IT SEEMS
MY ARMOR IS NO
LONGER BULLET-
PROOF!! BUT I WILL
BLUFF THESE RATS
AND BEAT THEM
DESPITE IT!"**

**"ZOUNDS!!...
BUT YOU WILL
RUE THIS
DAY"**

**DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR
SR JUSTIN HIS EVIL
CHANTED WEAPON HAS
LOST ITS STEEL-SHEARING
SHARPNESS**

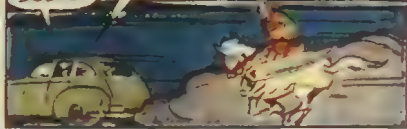
**"IN SOOTH, BUT 'TIS AN
EVIL DAY! MY SWORD HAS
LOST ITS MAGIC"**



**"WE
GOTTA
GET
BACK
TO THE
SOUND"**

**"AND FAST OR
WE'LL HAVE TO
ANSWER
TO THE
WRECKER"**

**"AFTER
THEM
VICTORY"**



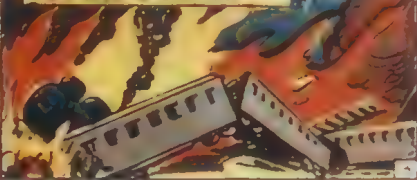
**BUT A SCREAM OF HUMAN AGONY REMINDS
SR JUSTIN THAT ANOTHER TASK AWAITS HIM**

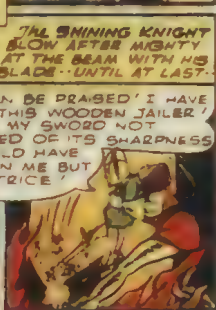
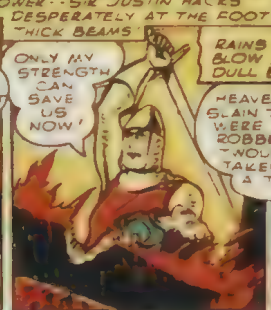
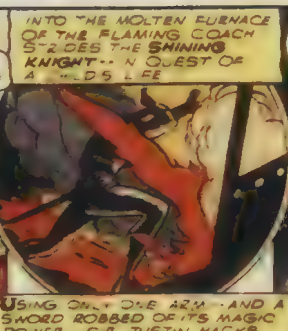
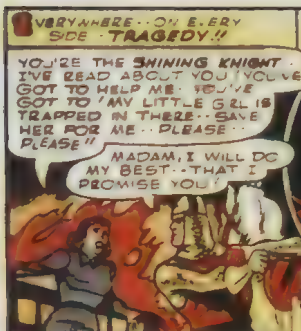
HELP!!

**"A SCREAM MUCH RESCUE
WORK AWAITS ME. BUT THAT
LICENSE NUMBER IS ONE I
WILL NOT EASILY FORGET
V-9800 IS BRANDED
ON MY BRAIN"**



**SECONDS LATER AND
THE SHINING KNIGHT
WINGS DOWN ON A
FLAMING VISTA OF
CARNAGE AND DESTRUCTION
THE WRECK OF THE
NESTROUD LIMITED**





NEXT DAY MECCA
ATTENTION FOR A
CERTAIN YOUNG MAN

"YOU SAY YOU
WERE STRUCK
BY LIGHTNING!
AND AFTER
WARDS WHEN
YOU FOUGHT
WITH THOSE
VEN TH'S
BULLET PERIOD
YOUR ARMOR!"



YES BUT I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
THEY'S NEVER
HAPPENED
BEFORE WHY
SHOULD IT
HAPPEN
NOW??

DO THE POLICE WEAR
BULLET-PROOF ARMOR?
NO IF THEY CAN
RISK THEIR LIVES SO
CAN I AM I NOT AN
AMERICAN??



SIMPLE MY BOY! MY NEW
THEORY OF ELECTRO-
METALYSIS EXPLAINS IT ALL!
LIGHTNING STRUCK YOUR
ARMOR THE ARMOR SAVED
YOUR LIFE BUT THE
LIGHTNING ALSO
DRAINED YOUR SWORD
AND ARMOR OF THEIR
POWER!



BY MY TROTH BUT I
STILL HAVE MY TRUSTY
SWORD I STILL HAVE
WINGED VICTORY THE
SHINING KNIGHT WILL NOT
CEASE TO RIDE THE
SKIES--NOR EVER
STOP FROM
BATTLING
WRONG AND
CHAMPIONING
THE RIGHT!

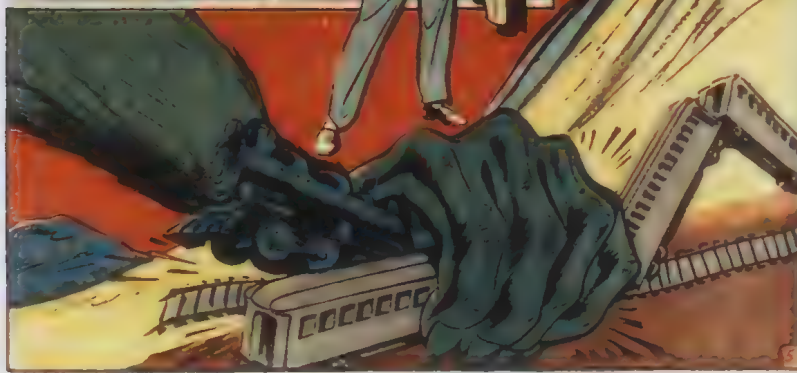


WELL MY BOY--I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU'LL
HAVE MUCH USE FOR
THIS NOW! CRIME
FIGHTING WILL BE
TOO RISKY!

GREAT
SCOTT! DO
YOU TAKE ME
FOR A
COWARD??



But WHO IS
THIS POWER
WHOSE SOLE
DESIRE IS
WHOSE ONLY
THOUGHT IS
DESTRUCTION?
SAY THAT
SAY THAT
THAT CRIMES
TRAIN AS THOUGHT
WERE MADE
PAPER?



IN THE HAND OF A MAN WHOSE JEER NAME **THE WRECKER!** IS SPURRED NAME BY THE ENTIRE UNDERWORLD... FOR HERE IS A MAN WHO KNOWS GLORES IN THE HOT AND DREADED JOY OF DESTRUCTION

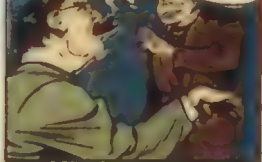


ALL RIGHT, BOSS! I'VE GOT THE NEWEST AND LATEST ANCE JOB... I'M GOING OUT TO SEE YOU NOW TO SEE IF YOU CAN GIVE MORE

SEE BOSS, THIS WRECKING BUSINESS CERTAINLY PAYS OFF!

THE WRECKER CONFERS WITH A CLIENT

HEY, WELL, I'VE GOT A DEAL, MR. SMITH. I'LL DO THE SWEETEST LITTLE JOB OF WRECKING AN REMOVAL OF THE NEW WESTON POWER PLANT. IF YOU WILL, YOU EVER HAD EYES ON AND THE SUMMERS CONSTRUCTION CO. ALL GET THE CONTRACT. IT'S A CHANCE.



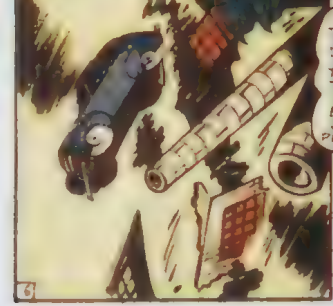
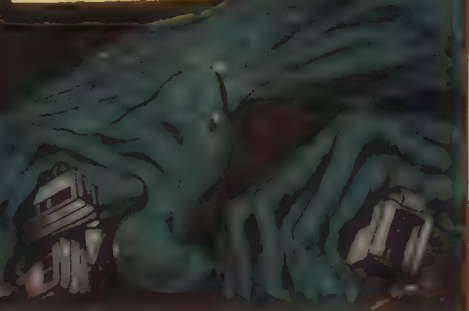
THAT'S BACK AT THE WRECKER'S HEADQUARTERS...

WE GOT THE JOB, YOU'D BETTER CONTACT RIGHT IN. THERE'S A HARD NIGHT'S WORK IN FRONT OF YOU

ALL RIGHT, BOSS! WE'LL GET ON TO IT RIGHT AWAY!



DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, THE WRECKER SPREADS WRECK AND RUIN THROUGHOUT THE NATION



THE WRECKER? THOSE MEN I FOUGHT WITH NEAR THE RAIN... I HEARD THEM SAY SOME THING ABOUT THE 'WRECKER' AND 'GETTING BACK TO THE SOUND WHERE'S THE SOUND PROFESSOR?

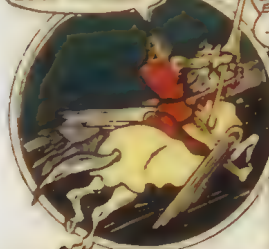
THERE'S LONG SOUND... BUT I HEARD TELL OF A MAN WHO FOUND A NEEDLE BY SETTING ON A MAY-STACK MAYHAP THAT WILL HAPPEN TO US, THE SHINING KNIGHT IS GOING TO SCOUT THE LEAGUE AND BRADY-OF LONG SOUND



ANOTHER FACTORY DESTROYED... SABOTAGE SUSPECTED

AND MINUTES LATER THE SHINING KNIGHT RINGS OVER THE MOONLY WATERS OF LONG SLAND SOUND

HMM A CAR... IT'S A LONG SHOT... BUT WE THINK I WILL LOOK CLOSER



"Y 9800 THAT'S BRANDED ON MY BZAN I HAVE FOUND MY NEEDLE... BUT I WILL GIVE THEM ENOUGH ROPE TO HANG THEMSELVES"



THE SHINING KNIGHT TRAILS THE GANGSTER SEDAN UNTIL IT SLOWS TO A HALT IN THE CENTER OF THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED ROSSLYN BRIDGE.

OKAY BUTCH AND SLM... YOU TWO FIX THE BOMB... THE REST OF US LL KEEP A WATCH OUT

OKAY, CHIEF



JIM BEAT OF HOOFES AND A FANTASTIC ARMORED FIGURE THUNDERS ALONG THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN BRIDGE



AH BUT HOW MY LEGS KING ARTHUR WOULD HAVE MAZEBELLED TO SEE A BRIDGE SUCH AS THIS... BUT FY Y STAKE WE NOT THOSE VARELYS ARE EVEN NOW MAKING READY TO BLOW IT SKY HIGH

WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE FAST... IT'S THAT SHINING KNIGHT GUY AGAIN!! SLM AND BUTCH LL HAVE TO MAKE THEIR OWN WAY HOME



I CAN ATTEND TO THOSE ROGUES LATER... FIRST MUST I SAVE THE BRIDGE



WHEN A DEATH DEEVING LEAD!

GET HIM!!

HO, FOR ARTHUR AND FOR ENGLAND



TAKE THAT... FIRE OUT



UGH!!

HIGH ABOVE THE SWIRLING WATERS OF THE EAST RIVER... A DESPERATE SWAYING DUEL OF DEATH! AND ALL THE WHILE... THE SANDS OF TIME ARE RUNNING OUT AS A TIME BOMB TICKS... TICKS... TICKS RUTHLESSLY TOWARD ITS FLAMING FINALE!



I... GET YOU... YET

I THINK YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SERAH!

OW!! HELP!!

THE FISH WILL GET YOU FIRST!

BY MY HALIDOM, BUT THAT WAS NEAR!... ANOTHER TEN SECONDS...



SECONDS LATER, ONCE AGAIN ASTONISHED VICTORY... THE SHINING KNIGHT RIDES HOT ON THE TAIL OF THE FLEEING WRECKERS!

BEAR ME SWEETLY VICTORY! HAVE A FEW WORDS THAT I AM 2 GHT EAGER TO SPEAK TO YONDER KNIVES



THOUGH HIS SWORD HAS LOST ITS MAGIC, THE MIGHTY STRENGTH OF HIS ARM SUFFICES TO RIP THE ROOF FROM THE CAR

NOW YOU CAN SEE THE STARS

HEY!! WHAT'S HAPPENED??



...AND HERE ARE YET MORE STARS FOR YOU TO GAZE UPON... STARS OF A DIFFERENT KIND!



A DESPERATE 5-5-5 PACKED RE-EE

YOU GENTLEMEN GET IN EACH OTHER'S HAIR

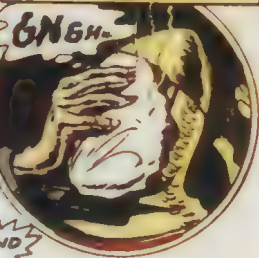
UGH!!

OUCH!!



LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, SHINING KNIGHT!!!

TOO LATE! CHLOROFORM... AND THE FUME-SOAKED PAD DOES ITS KNOCKOUT TASK

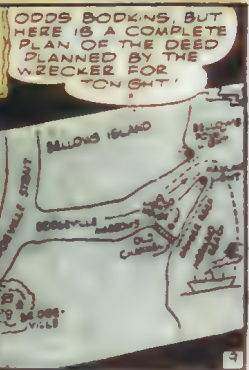
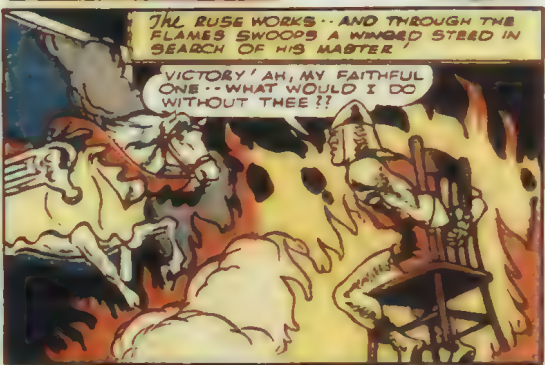
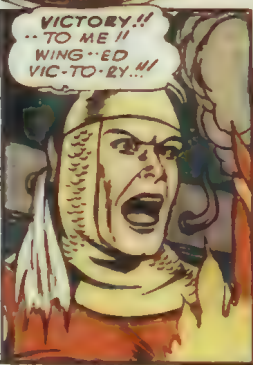


TALU... THE SHINING KNIGHT
AWAKES... TO FIND HIMSELF
BOUND, A CAPTIVE OF THE
WRECKER...

WELL, MR KNIGHT... LOOKS
LIKE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
FREEZE TO DEATH, EH! HA!
HA! I GOTTA BE PUSHING
ALONG... GOT THE BIGGEST
JOB OF MY CAREER COMING
UP TONIGHT... THE SS
WILTON CASTLE'S GOING
ON THE ROCKS!!

SECONDS LATER... AND THE
SHINING KNIGHT FINDS
HIMSELF HELPLESS IN THE
MIDST OF A ROARING
INFERNO!

VICTORY MUST BE SOME-
WHERE NEARBY... IF ONLY
I COULD SHOUT 'I
KNOW... THOSE HOOKS...
IT MIGHT WORK'



WITH THE FAMOUS "MANLAND LIGHTHOUSE" IN HIS GRASP, THE WEEKENDER BLURPENTS THE MOST MONSTROUS DESTRUCTION COUP OF HIS CAREER!!

HERE IS THE BELLWIS LIGHT. IT'S OUT NOW...MY MEN SAW TO THAT HERE'S WHERE WE ARE NOW...AND HERE IS THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE...IT'S BEEN DARK FOR FIFTY YEARS...EVER SINCE THE OLD CHANNEL WAS SILTED UP! BUT IT'LL SHINE AGAIN TONIGHT--AND GUIDE THE WILTON CASTLE INTO MERMAID REACH--ONTO DANGER REEF THAT LIES BEYOND!

CLEVER, EH?

GEE, BOSS, YOU'RE A GENIUS!!

BUT MAIL-CLAD JUSTICE EVEN NOW LOOKS ABOVE CRIME'S HORIZON...

TRULY YONDER BEACON OUTSHINES ANY LIT BY MERLIN'S MAGIC!

LONG HAVE I WAITED TO GET MY HANDS ON THIS FIEND!

Enter...A WALKING (AND FIGHTING) "DEAD MAN"...

I TROW 'TIS THE FIRST TIME ANY KNIGHT WENT A' FOOTBALLING!!

IT-IT CAN'T BE! H-HE'S DEAD!

H-HE... HE'S A GHOST!

GHOSTS CAN DIE TWICE! PLUG HIM! BOYS!

UBWA!

THEN...A LIGHTNING LEAP ONTO THE SWIFTLY SPINNING MECHANISM THAT REVOLVES THE LIGHT ATOP THE TURRET!

A THOUSAND YEARS AND MORE HAVE PASSED SINCE I DANCED AROUND THE WANDOLE!

--BUT MERRY AND OWN-CRACKING S THE BIG DANCE TONIGHT!

OUCH!!

OWW!!

THE BATTLE'S NOW BUT THE HARDEST FIGHT LIES AHEAD... THE RESCUE HASN'T FIVE MINUTES OF THE MOROS A' SHIES' LUXURY HER FROM SHATTERING ON DANGER REEF!

BY THE RONES OF ST. CLAUDE BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO TARRY...I MUST BE ME TO THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE AND FIGHT SPEEDILY... CAN HE THESE VARLETS TO PRISON LATER!

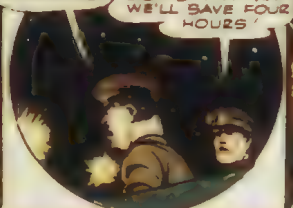
HE MOUNTS VICTORY, SKIMS ABOVE THE TREACHEROUS MORASS OF CREEKS AND QUICKSANDS THAT LIE BEHIND DANGER REEF...



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE WILTON CASTLE...

ARE YOU SURE IT'S QUITE SAFE, SIR? USUALLY ONLY CARGO VESSELS USE THE NARROWS!

PERFECTLY SAFE MR. SOAMES WE SIMPLY SET A COURSE MIDWAY BETWEEN THOSE TWO LIGHTS! THAT WAY WE'LL SAVE FOUR HOURS!



I CAN NEVER DOUSE THAT LIGHT BUT... I WILL KILL TWO BZOS WITH THE SAME STONE-- CUT IT DOWN AND BEAR IT TO BELLOWS POINT



WITH TITAN STRENGTH--IN THE BLACK AGONY OF DESPERATION--HE HACKS FRANTICALLY AT THE UNYIELDING RON!

WOULD TO HEAVEN THAT MY SWORD WOULD RECAPTURE ITS POWER!



THEN... SUDDEN LIGHTNING STABS BLINDINGLY FROM THE SKY-- SPATHING THE SHINING KNIGHT IN CRACKLING RADIANCE

THE HEAVENS HAVE ANSWERED MY PRAYER!

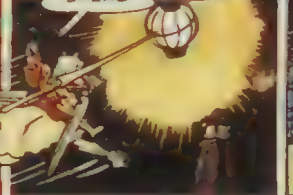


FOR ONCE AGAIN HIS SWORD IS POWERED WITH METAL-SHEARING SHARPNESS--IT CARVES THE FOOT-THICK IRON AS THOUGH IT WERE BUTTER...

BEARING THE BRAZIER SKEWERED UPON HIS LANCE--THE SHINING KNIGHT SKYRIDES LIKE SOME BLAZING METEOR TOWARD BELLOWS POINT!

HEAVEN BE PRAISED... WHAT THE LIGHTNING HAS TAKEN--THE LIGHTNING GIVES BACK!

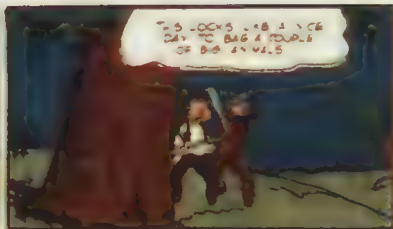
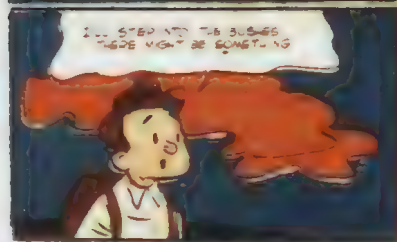
THE WRECKER HAS DESTROYED YONDER LIGHT--THIS BEACON WILL SERVE IN ITS STEAD!



BY THE BLADE OF EXCALBUR--BUT LANCE-OT WOULD MAZE-OT TO SEE ME NOW--THAT MY LIGHT SHD GO WODE TO SAFETY YONDER BELOWS POINT



OF ADVENTURE COMICS!



MEET **TW- GREEN ARROW**



**PLUS VIGILANTE
STAR-STRANGLER KID
SHINING KNIGHT
CRIMSON AVENGER!**
ALL TOGETHER IN
**ONE GREAT STORY
IN THIS
ONE GREAT MAGAZINE!**

NOW ON SALE!

**IF YOU LIKE THE BEST
IN COMIC READING, DON'T
MISS LEADING COMICS!**

**RICH
IN
DEXTROSE**

MY MOM MY MOM
TO SPREAD THE NEWS I GO!

Before you go "homesup"—Big Boy—remember BABY RUTH—the Big League candy bar that packs a wallop in both flavor and food energy.

Help keep your pep UP—and
you help keep your score DOWN.
BABY RUTH will aid a lot
the last nine holes!

"Morning busy mother: How
about this BABY RUTH—makes
your work a pleasure—helps
relieve fatigue!"

Five little princesses—all in a row—
BABY RUTH makes fast and tasty candy
ever given to the famous Quintuplets.



Look for me (N B C)
On every wrapper!

KEEP EM FLYING
Fast & Disease



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFFOE SAYS: "Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

HOUR-MAN

FOR WANT OF A NAME THE SHOE WAS LOST!
FOR WANT OF A HORSE THE RIDER WAS LOST!
FOR WANT OF A RIDER THE MESSAGE WAS LOST!
FOR WANT OF AN ENGLISH BARRY BARTON "BOOG-
ZED THE HELPLESS PEOPLE OF JERUSALEM."
JIT - HOURMAN - SIX - SECOND CRUMBER
AGAINST CRIME SNAPPED DOWN TO SOLVING A
NEEDS OUR RACKET AND SOLVE THE -
"MYSTERY OF THE MISSING LINK!"

REPLACEMENT

THORNDYKE THE MINUTE MAN



DOWN I NEED
AND, AND THERE
WAS ONE IN THE
HOUSE! GUESS
...HAPPY
BORROWING
MY DICK!

MADE THE
THORNDYKE
HOUSE.

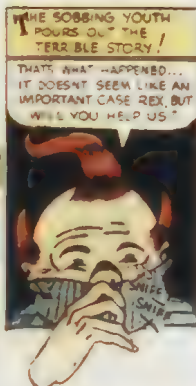
AND THORNDYKE WOULD
LET A BARBER'S NAME
YOU TO MEET ME.

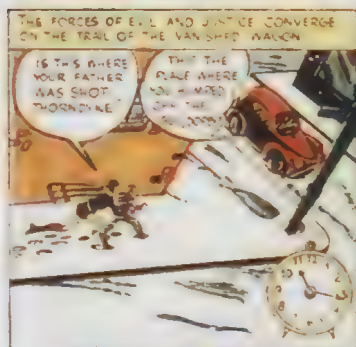
WELL, ANYWAY
I HAVE TO GO
MY GUEST!

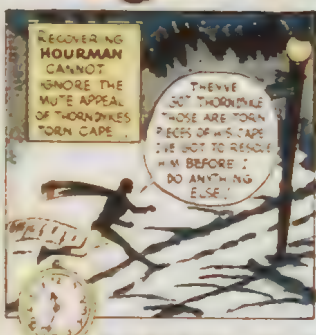
ONE OF THE THORNDYKE WOULD
DOWN WOULD BE THE NAME TO MEET
MEET ME. IF A BARBER TOWN WOULD BE
THORNDYKE. THAT IS THE NAME OF THE HOUSE.

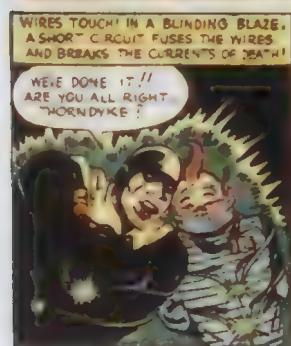














ENEMY ACTION

by John Hilton

TWO weeks had passed, and the sailors from the men-of-war, who had been transferred to the sloops for the expedition which had set out on the 17th of November from Kicquetan in James River in Virginia, were grumbling among themselves.

"Yeh," said one Jack tar. "He's a wily one, he is. The Lieutenant will never find him, he won't. Blimme, if I don't think maybe the old fox will slip up and slash our throats with a bally cutlass." The sailor stopped, cautious of the warning in his shipmate's eyes. He hadn't realized they were so close to the quarterdeck. Apprehensively, his own eyes darted now to the straight stern figure peering into the fast-descending night.

Lieutenant Robert Maynard, chief officer of the commandeered *Ranger* and his own sloop was lost in thought, thinking of the mission before him. His lips moved and the words were but whispers. "I must not fail," he said. "I've got to win." He knew that not only his own honor but that of the *Pearl*, a marked war of which he not many served as first lieutenant, was at stake. It had been a great honor when Governor Spotswood of Virginia had chosen him for this difficult task.

And it was difficult. In many things are when an honest man attempts to battle treachery. But Maynard was confident that with right on his side he could not lose. There was an enemy lurking at the gates and his orders were that he be destroyed.

• • •

Maynard turned as a sailor addressed him. The man's eyes were alive with excitement. "He's hiding in Okerecock In-

let," the excited sailor said. "We've found him, sir." He saluted and went away.

It was odd, Maynard thought, that he didn't feel any excitement such as he had felt while seeking the rascal. Now that he had found him, why, he was just as cool as the green grass back home! But should he be? he reasoned, knowing all the time that he should. He was an officer, a gentleman and a fighter. And he was crafty.

That alone would bring the reprobate to bay. Fight tricky with tricky. There was no telling what the enemy would do. Certainly his spies must have told him that in Maynard's command there were no cannon, nothing but sailors with small arms. The Governor would never have asked permission for the men of war to hunt down this man because such big boats could not have entered the shallow waters.

At the mouth of the inlet Maynard ordered anchor dropped. The place was shoal and the channel intricate. Far ahead Maynard could see the lights of the hunted ship. But the engagement would have to wait until tomorrow, he thought impatiently. He would not risk the lives of his men or his ship in unfamiliar waters during darkness.

And then the enemy might have a surprise waiting for him. Sighing, Maynard went below decks to rest. He had a knotty problem to figure out.

• • •

Morning found him smiling and the men, looking at him with questioning, excited eyes seemed to gather courage. They had no way of knowing that he hadn't slept, nor that it was n't until shortly before dawn that he had received the an-

swer to the problem puzzling him.

Now, he weighed anchor, sending a small boat ahead to make soundings so that the sloop should not ground. In the bright light, the enemy's colors were easily made out and, as Maynard's sloop inched forward, there suddenly came belches of smoke and flame from the invaders' guns. During the night the vessel had been put into a posture of defense.

The cannon balls rolled over Maynard's head. Unflinching, he ordered a sailor to raise the colors. A cheer went up from the men as the flag unfurled in the light breeze. It was surrender now or never for the enemy.

• • •

But once again he resorted to trickery. A loud snap echoed over the rattle of gunfire as he cut his cable. Through his telescope, Maynard could see the *Leader* motioning to his tent. He intended to make a running fight of it, satisfied now that the sloop had no cannon. He had not yet seen the *Rich* and which was proceeding up river slowly.

Yes, he was there, that *Leader*, stocky and sabre-scarred on the face. His heavy, black beard managed to hide these blemishes, but it couldn't conceal the lust and murder of the eyes which now stared red through at the intruders.

Inevitably Maynard's sloop followed. Miraculously it escaped the balls that dropped all around it. Maynard managed to repress a yell of triumph as a sailor cried, "He's aground! The bloody blighter is aground!"

It was true. The enemy ship was stuck. Quickly, Maynard

issued his orders. "All ballast overboard! All water staved!" This would lighten the sloop, bring it within half-gun shot of the enemy.

Without waste of time, the orders were followed and now the sloop was standing by. And what was this? The Leader, himself, enraged but crafty, putting up a front. Maynard's pistol could have felled him, but there was a law of the sea that stayed the lieutenant's hand. Besides, this fellow had to be made an example.

The black bearded Leader's voice rolled from his deck. "Villains! Who are you and from whence came you?"

Through his megaphone, Maynard replied that his colors could be plainly seen. He suppressed a smile as the Leader called him to send a boat aboard and be identified. "Like the rabbit visiting the fox," Maynard said to himself. Then, aloud, his challenge rang out. "I cannot spare a small boat, but I will board you as soon as I can with my sloop."

Wild imprecations greeted this word. They were the signal for a treacherous volley. The Leader had been watching the *Richard* come up. The sides of the sloop, not being above a foot high at the waist, and men manning it exposed to fire, received the small shot from the enemy cannon. Before Maynard's horrified eyes, the men were mowed down like wheat, and the *Richard* disabled.

Swiftly, Maynard gauged the distance between his sloop and that of the enemy. There was no wind and the men who could be spared from fighting were at the oars. He called to the fighting men. "Down! Let the side be your shield!"

In an instant, Maynard was the only one keeping the deck. The fighting men had crawled to the hold, awaiting orders to bring up sword and pistol. At Maynard's signal, the men still alive on the crippled *Richard* worked their way aboard the

sloop.

Whizz! Through the air, from the enemy ship came case-bottles filled with powder and small shot, slugs and pieces of iron. From the mouths of the bottles protruded a quick-match, lighted as the projectiles were flung.

On deck of the enemy ship, the Leader roared with glee seeing the frightful results of his strategy. Smoke and flame billowed from the sloop and men lay about the deck, wounded and dying. There was no doubt, in the Leader's mind as he gave the order to board, that the Lieutenant and the few men visible were all that were left.

He had forgotten the men in the hold.

Over the bows of the sloop he went with an attacking party, covered by smoke from the home-made projectiles. He did not, consequently, see Maynard's signal.

The men rose from the hold, fighting with fury to avenge their fallen comrades. The Leader, moving toward Maynard, halted at sight of these unexpected reinforcements. It was a fatal mistake. A ball from Maynard's pistol shattered his shoulder. Maynard closed in.

Blood ran round the vessel as Maynard's men fought with the strength of maniacs, in their minds only one thought, "Vengeance!" It was a battle cry.

Meanwhile, the Leader broke away from Maynard. His eyes were filled with fear now, and he cast about for escape as Maynard reloaded his weapon. The tide of battle was turning, the enemy falling dead at every blow. Wild-eyed, the Leader snatched a pistol from one of his fallen men. And then his body turned to ice, his feet refused to move, and he knew that the icy fingers of death had touched his shoulder. He wanted to cry out to surrender, but he knew that for him there could be no surrender. It would be but a postponement of the inevitable end.

A hoarse cry broke from his

throat as Maynard's shot struck him full in the heart. He lurched, fell forward on the deck, and then lay still.

The few of his men left alive were surrendering, although knowing that in a few days they would be hanged.

In his cabin, after seeing that his wounded were attended, Lieutenant Robert Maynard wrote his report.

"Engaged enemy morning of December first, 1718. Action victorious. Killed in action, Edward Teach, alias Blackbeard, privateer."

Tiredly, Maynard put down his pen, reflected on the black-bearded pirate whose body was growing cold above deck. "A dangerous radical," he thought, indignantly, "who was trying to establish by terror a new order. He should never have been permitted to grow so strong."

The End

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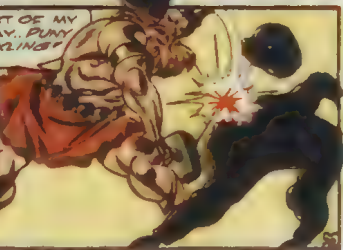
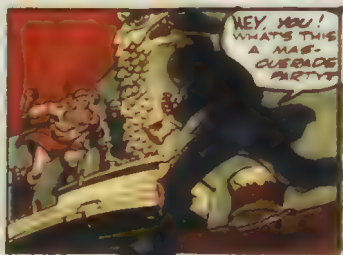
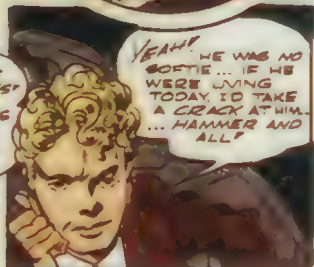
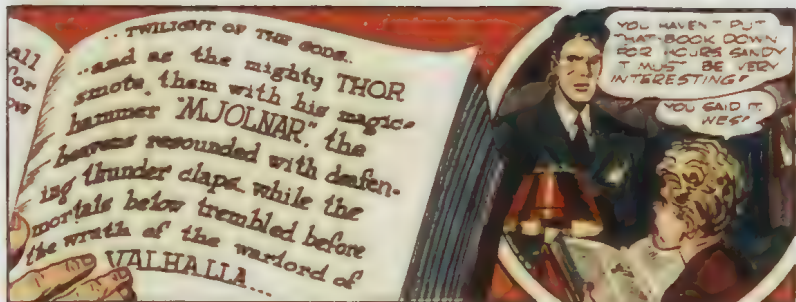
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SANDMAN



FROM THE MISTY CAVERNS OF THE PAST RESES THOR, ANCESTOR GOD OF WAR... NO KINDNESS PULSES IN HIS BODY... INSTEAD ONLY HATE AND SAVAGE RUTHLESSNESS GUIDE HIM AS HE INVADES A MODERN WORLD... WIELDING HIS MAGIC HAMMER, HE BEATS A MAD TATTOO UPON THE FORCES OF SOCIETY... ROBBING, KILLING, PLUNDERING HE STALKS INVINCIBLE... UNTIL SANDMAN AND SANDY TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE OF "THE VILLAIN FROM VALHALLA!"



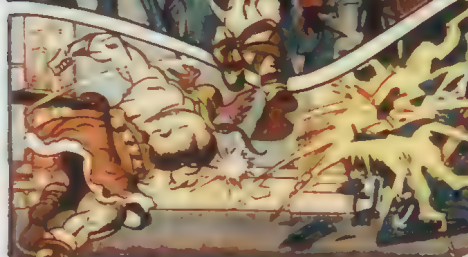


AFTER HIS GAUGE
SLACK ON THE
POLICE
MAN, THE
HUGE INVADER
STRODS
DOWN
BROAD
WAY,
TAKING
IN
THE
SCENE

I SEE IT,
BUT I DON'T
BELIEVE



THE MAN FROM THE
PAST HE TATES AS HE PASSES
A BANK



HA-HA... NOTHING CAN
STAND AGAINST MGLVAR!
THE HAMMER OF THE GODS!
NOW TO GET THE GOLD
THESE PEOPLE
KEEP IN THIS
STRANGE
STONE-
HOUSE!

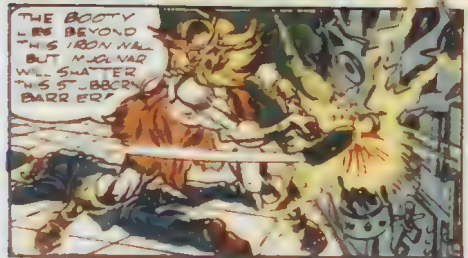


THE SURPRISED BANK GUARDS OPEN
FIRE AS THE ANCIENT NORSEMAN THUNDERS
INTO THE BANK

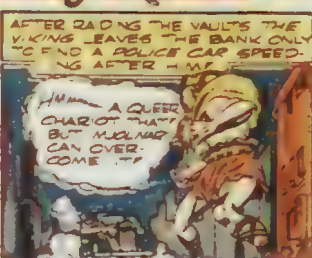
WE WERE
HITTING HIM
BUT HE
WON'T FALL!



RASH
MORTALS!



THE BOOTY
LIES BEYOND
THIS IRON WALL
BUT MGLVAR
WILL SMATTER
THIS SUBBERY
BARRIER!



AFTER RAIDING THE VAULTS THE
VIKING LEAVES THE BANK ONLY
TO FIND A POLICE CAR SPEED-
ING AFTER HIM

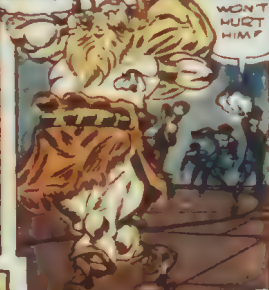
HMM... A QUEER
CHAR-OT THAT IS
BUT MGLVAR
CAN OVER-
COME IT!

...AGAIN, THE MIGHTY HAMMER IS THROWN!
AND AGAIN WITH THE SAME DEVASTATING
EFFECT!



OH NO NO! WHAT
POWER!

THE
BULLETS
WON'T
HURT
HIM!



Before
OTHER
SQUADS
OF
POLICE
ARRIVE
THE
VIKING
HAS
ALREADY
REACHED
HIS
SLIP
AND
IS
SETTING
GA...

I STILL THINK I'M
DREAMING. IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE FOR A
NIGHTMARE TO RISE
CAME WHEN YOU'RE
AWAKE!



STOCK-
HOLDERS
OF THE
RAIDED
BANK HOLD
A BOARD
MEETING... AMONG THEM IS WES DODDS

SINCE THE POLICE
CAN DO NOTHING
MORE, WE'LL HAVE
TO WRITE IT OFF
AS A
LOSS!

I OBJECT! THIS
MURDERER
MUST BE
BROUGHT
TO JUSTICE!



LET'S NOT COUNT OUR LOSSES
YET! YOU FORGET
THERE IS STILL
ONE FORCE
THOSE ORDERS
MAY STILL HAVE
TO RECKON
WITH!

...THE
SANDMAN...
FINE
...THERE MAY
BE A
CHANCE!

WELL YOU
GOT
YOUR WISH
SANDY



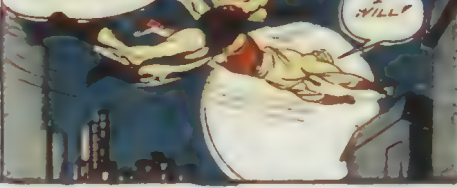
THAT EVENING, IN WES
DODDS' HOUSE!

WON'T THOR,
KING OF THE NORSE
ODDS IN
HE FLESH!



AND WITH HIS MASK
HAMMER DON'T
FORGET THAT
SO BE CAREFUL!

I
WILL!



SANDMAN!
LOOK!

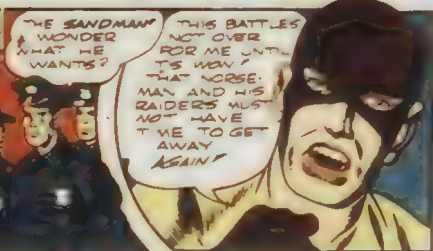
GREAT
SLOTT!





THE
SANDMAN
MAY
WELL
HAVE
BUTTED
A
STONE
WALL.
THAT'S
MORE
SUPPORTED
THAN HURT
...WHILE THE
SANDMAN
IS UNCON-
SCIOUS!





REAR-
ABOARD
THE
PRATE
LONG
BOAT
THE NOB
AND
THOR...
OVES
HIMSELF
OF A
TRANG-
PARENT
GACMENT
AND SPEAKS
TO ONE OF
HIS MEN

"TELL THE
BOYS
AT SA
FOR THE
WIDE OUTH
WE'LL
OWY
UP
THERE!"

DOSE LUCITE SUITS
ARE PRETTY UN-
COMFORTABLE
EM BOSS!
THE BOYSVE
TOOK OFF
THE DS,
"OO!"

LUCITE... STEEL
AS PLANT AS CLOTH!
BOY THESE MAY
BE UNCOMFOR-
TABLE. THEY DE
SURE HANDY WHEN
THE BULLS START
BOUNCING BULLETS
OFFA YOU!"

THE BULLS WILL
BE LOOKING FOR
V-KINGS.. NOT MOBSTERS!
THEY'LL NEVER
SUSPECT US!

AFTER WE DOCK
GET THE MOB TO
CHANGE INTO
THEIR EVERY-
DAY CLOTHES
AND SCATTER!

I GET
BOSS!

THE BULLS WILL
BE LOOKING FOR
V-KINGS.. NOT MOBSTERS!
THEY'LL NEVER
SUSPECT US!

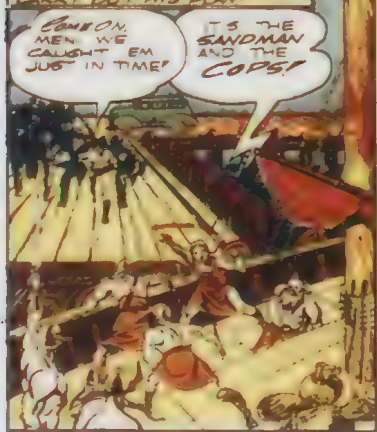
BUT
THE VIKING
GANG LEADER
SUDDENLY FINDS
IT TOO LATE TO
CARRY OUT HIS PLAN!

CONON,
MEN WE
CAUGHT EM
JUS' IN TIME!

IT'S THE
SANDMAN
AND THE
COPS!

TOO LATE
TO PUT ON
OUR LUCITE
SUITS! WE'LL
HAVE TO
FIGHT 'OUT!

GET SET!
HERE
THEY
COME!

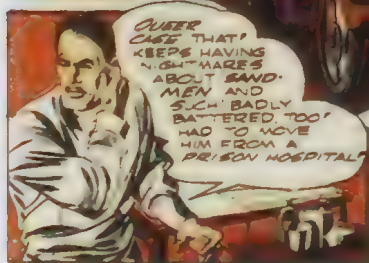
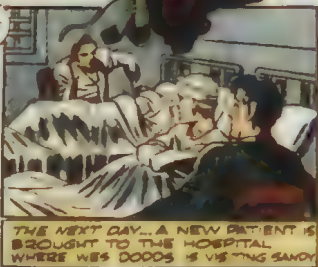
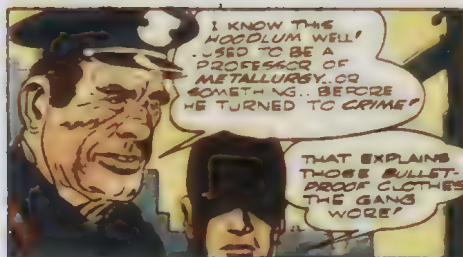


Then BEARS THE STRANGEST BATTLE
NEW YORK, AS FIGHT IN THE CITY



[illegible]

THE BATTLE'S OVER, FOLKS!
 THE BEATEN NOGEMEN
 ARE BEING TAKEN
 INTO CUSTODY!
 ... I
 CAN SEE THE
 SANDMAN NOW...
 ...WHEN HE'S DRAGG'N'
 ...THAT B G
 RED-BEARDED
 V'K'N'G OFF
 THE SHIP BY
 THE HEELST



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THRILLS
ACTION!**



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FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
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COMIC MAGAZINES!**

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5 Roman Candles (10 ball).....	.50	1 Pkg. Lady Crackers.....	.15
5 Sky Rockets (with stars).....	.50	1 Erupting Volcano.....	.10
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10 Bombshell Salutes.....	.35	2 Gyro Flyers (new).....	.10
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